

I want first to show you St. John Harbor. On our right hand, as we sail slowly up the river St. John, we see low, steep hills. On these hills is built the city of St. John. The houses are of gray stone, red brick, or wood painted a dark brown. Often a thick, gray mist hangs over the town, blotting houses and streets from sight; but to-day the sunshine has burned away the mist, and you can plainly see the colors of the houses, the straight streets running up and down the hills, the jingling street cars, and the busy people.

Down by the wharves the city is busiest. Great steamers from all parts of the world lie near the wharves to take in their cargoes of lumber. The opposite bank of the river is bordered with sawmills, whose shrill sound can be plainly heard.

The harbor is filled with craft of every description. Sailing vessels are on all sides of us; some moored, with their masts rising naked and bare; others, under clouds of white or yellow canvas, scudding hither and thither. Here is a graceful yacht racing before the breeze, there a clumsy wood boat pushing obstinately on its way. Noisy red and white tugs rush madly about, pulling great steamers or heavy black scows after them.

Drawing nearer to the wharves, we see that they are covered with open cars laden with fragrant planks. Bundles of these are raised on derricks, and swung down into the hold of a great red steamer lying close at hand. You look at the name of the vessel: "The Cadiz." Black-haired, swarthy men are busy on her deck. She has come all the way from distant Spain, where the woods have been ruthlessly destroyed, to the rich forest